

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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THE TEMPTATION.

JAREB GROPP sat in his little shop upon his low bench, and he pegged and stapped away merrily upon his well-worn sknees. He was a jolly fellow, this Jareb. Poor, it is true; but just poor enough to be free of care. He owned the roofed box in which he worked, and so he owned the little thatched cot joining it. In the cot he lived with his wife and seven children, and in the shop he worked cheerfully all the day long. He was not afraid of robbers, for he had nothing worth carrying off; and he feared no man, for he never did man a wrong.

A merry fellow was Jareb Gropp. He sung as he pegged, and his joyous notes lacked only musical sound to make them attractive. He was built after the same pattern as were his cot and shop. He was short and dumpy, with a round, shiny, good-natured face, and with a bald pate, though he was five-and-forty years old.

Jareb looked up and saw his wife. Just a match for Jareb, for all the world. Short, fat, clean, good-natured, and happy as a queen. She was dressed neatly for all her poverty, and the flush of health glowed upon her plump cheeks.

"Duck," said Jareb, "the likes o' this never happened afore."

"What is it, my own sugar-plum?" asked Hephsebeth.

Hephsebeth was her name, though she hadn't heard it pronounced in full for years.

"D'y'e see this shoe, delight?"

"Yes, my love."

"Tis the last work in the castle. Not another place to put a peg have I got by me. We'll shut the gates, lower the draw-bridge, put the warder on guard, and call up our coach, eh?"

"Ye mean we'll go and walk, peppermint?"

"I do, my treasure."

"Shall I put on my silk, or satin, or my new velvet?"

"Put on all of them, my dear. We'll make an appearance. Hi-fol-de-rol-de-ri-do! There (tap), that's the last peg, and old Smith's shoes are done. *Smith*—*Smith*—didn't you feel thankful your name warn't Smith, Heppy, eh? There was a Smith put in jail only last week for robbin' somebody. But ye never heard tell of a Gropp's bein' put in jail, never. Now, my maple sugar, we'll be off. Bring up the little Groppses."

Hardly had Heppy departed, when a man made his appearance at the shop door. He was an old man, very well dressed in black throughout, carrying a gold-headed cane, and wearing a watch chain of the same precious material.

"Are you a cobbler?" he asked, as he entered.

"I was, two minutes ago, sir; but I am an old feudal baron, now, sir! Lady Gropp is going to ride out, sir, and I'm to attend her."

"Eh! are you the man that does mending?—mending of boots and shoes?" asked the visitor, moving back a pace, as though he feared the strange fellow before him was crazy.

"Yes, sir," answered Jareb, "I'm the man. But ye see, my wife hasn't walked out for more'n a month. I just tossed off the last bit of work I had in the shop. I'd hurried it amazingly, and was just agoin' to take a run down by the river with her and the little ones."

"Aha! I see," said the old gentleman, smiling. "Now you just run and tell your lady to wait for you half-an-hour, and I'll satisfy her for it. I am in a hurry."

"Hi-dum-de-fol-lol. Well, I s'pose I must stick to my business!"

Thus speaking, Jareb left the shop; and when he returned he put on his apron again, and settled into his low seat. The old man took off his cloak and sat down, and the cobbler pulled off the fractured boot. It was ripped badly. Jareb made him a stout waxed-end, singing merrily the while; and when it was ready, he took up the boot.

"You seem to be a happy fellow," remarked the visitor, after he had watched Jareb's good-natured face awhile.

"Why shouldn't I be? I owe no man anything—have my health—and love to do my work. Tol-de-rol-lol-de-lardo."

"You've laid by something, I suppose, for a rainy day?" pursued the stranger.

"Ay, thousands upon thousands, sir!" cried Jareb, giving his awl a furious punch.

"What! so much as that?"

"Ha! I'd like to show 'em to ye, sir, only they might have dirty faces. Seven of them, sir. Seven of the best natured children ye ever saw, sir; and stout and rugged, too."

"Ah! I meant to ask you if you had not managed to lay by a little money, my good man. You seem steady and industrious."

"Money!" repeated Jareb, with a comical leer. "Does a man lay by money when he's building himself houses and gardens? No, sir. Nor does a man lay by money when he makes half-a-crown a day, and rears seven children. The leetle 'uns will take care of me when I am old, never fear. No, no—

'Money or gold, in hoarded store,
I have none of it—I have none;
I live and breathe—I do no more—
To-day it's a curse, to-morrow a bane,

Fol-de-rol-lol-de-li-do,
And I'm the happiest man alive—
Fol-de-rol-lol-de-li-do."

"Then you live contented on your scanty store?" said the old man, regarding the cobbler rather enviously.

"Just as contented as the day is long, sir; and why shouldn't I? I won't starve while there's a crust of bread in the house, or a ripped shoe in the village. I should like money if I could have it; but I wouldn't pass one day of discontent for all the money in the world."

"And if you had money, what would you do with it?"

For the first time Jareb looked sober. His awl was stopped in the puncture it had made, and his eye rested vacantly upon the floor. When he spoke, all his lightness of manner was gone, and his voice was tremulous.

"Well, I'll tell ye," he said, while the twitching of the nether lip told that he felt deeply. "I can't help thinkin' that my little ones aren't a coming up as some folks' little ones are. They are good, and honest, and happy; but if they could have a chance to get a leetle more learnin' than their poor old father's got, I shouldn't mind. I can't help thinkin' as how't there might be a bright mind or two amongst them, that might make a doctor, or a lawyer, or maybe a minister. But never mind—they're in God's hands. I don't complain!" repeated Jareb, thrusting his awl through, and then pulling it out—"why should I? How many a rich father would give all he's worth if his children could only be different from what they are? Sickly and weakly, may-be, or perhaps bad and wicked. Hi!

'There's no such word as complain,
For by it we nothing can gain;
Save trouble and all mental pain
With a—fol-de-rol-de-di-do.'

No, sir. I've got enough, and that's mor'n everybody's got."

The boot was finished; and the old man took out a piece of gold.

"I've no change for such a piece, sir," said Jareb.

"I don't want any change. Take it all. A shilling is to pay you for mendin' my boots; and the rest is for your wife and children, to pay them for the loss of their walk. Come, don't disappoint me."

Jareb took the coin; and though his thankfulness was deep, its expression was simple and polite.

The old man put on his boot and went away. The wife came in, and Jareb showed his treasure. They were rich as monarchs now. They danced and sung, and then each called the other a fool.

However, after this they went and took their walk—they and their children. The oldest child was only twelve years, and the youngest was two. Tommy and

Johnny were twins. They were a jolly looking family.

When Jareb returned and entered his shop, the first thing he saw was a green silk purse. He picked it up, and found it full of gold. Quick as thought he put on his hat again, and ran from the shop. He reached the hotel; but the stage had gone, and the old gentleman had gone in it. So the cobbler returned to his cot, and there sat down, with the purse in his hand.

"What shall we do with it?" he said, uneasily.

The wife pondered a long while, and finally replied—

"Let's take it down cellar and hide it. Then we shan't be robbed of it, nor we shan't lose it; and when he comes we shall have it for him."

"But supposing he should never come, Heppy?"

"Then we will leave it for our children, and they may use it."

"Heppy, my delight, you are right."

So they went down into their narrow cellar, and having looked all around, they finally removed a stone from the wall, put the purse in—having first rolled it up in many thicknesses of stout paper—and then put the stone back as it was before.

On the following day the cobbler watched for the stage, and when it came he went up to see if the old gentleman had come back. This he did every day for two months, but no old man came.

At the end of that time Jareb was taken sick. He was very sick, and for a long time the doctor despaired of his life. And Jareb was very poor, too. Many a night the children went supperless to bed.

"Jareb," whispered Heppy, with frightened look, "*there's gold in the cellar!*"

"Don't! don't! Oh! never speak of it again!" gasped Jareb, in agony. "I've thought of it! Ay! there's gold there; but 'tisn't ours, Heppy!"

"I didn't mean we'd take it, Jareb; I didn't mean we'd take it!" cried the wife. "I only thought you mustn't die!"

"I shan't die, soul's delight. But I should die if we took *that*. 'Tisn't ours, Heppy!"

After many days, Jareb Gropp was

able to walk out. One pleasant autumn day, as he hobbled along on a crutch and a staff, he saw the stage-coach coming. It passed him, and he saw that same white-haired old man on the box with the driver. The poor cobbler hurried on; and when he reached the tavern, he found the old man standing in the hall.

"Ah! is this the merry cobbler?" asked the stranger.

"I am the cobbler who mended your boot last spring, sir," replied Jareb.

"Yes, I know," added the old man; "and the driver tells me you have been very sick."

"I have been sick, sir. Ah, I was made nervous first, and then I caught a cold. Yes, I've been very sick."

"The driver tells me your family suffered much during your illness."

"Some, some, sir. But that isn't the thing now. Didn't you lose something the day you came to my shop?"

"Lose!" repeated the old man, starting. "Did you find anything?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was it a purse?"

"Yes, sir."

"Of green silk?"

"Yes, sir."

The stranger regarded the cobbler for some moments in silence, and finally said he would go. So Jareb led the way to his little cot.

"Here, my love," said the cobbler, addressing his wife, "let us have a candle: the gentleman has come for his purse."

"Here, sir; here is your purse, just as I found it."

The old man emptied out the broad gold pieces, and counted them—just fifty of them. He returned them to his purse, and then looked into Jareb's face.

"Have you suffered for want of money during your sickness?" he asked.

"Much, much," was the answer.

"And you had this gold by you all the while?"

"It wasn't ours, sir. Oh, I may have suffered, but not as I would have suffered had I taken that. It wasn't mine, it was yours. Take it, sir; and when you remember poor old Jareb Gropp and his seven children, and his own wife, you will say they weren't very larned, but you'll say they were honest."

"Gropp? Gropp? GROPP?"

"And what was your name before you were married?" the old man asked of the good wife.

"My maiden name was Hepsebeth Munson, sir."

"Were you from Daventry?"

"No, sir. I was from Kibworth, in Leicestershire. I went to Daventry to live when I was sixteen."

"You never had a brother?"

"Yes, sir. I had one—George—he went off to India, and there he died! Poor George! He was a good boy—he was very good to me. He was a smart young man when he went away."

"How do you know he is dead?"

"Because we never heard from him, sir."

"Hepsebeth!" cried the old man, starting to his feet. "Look at me! look at me, I say! See if you can't tell me who I am! I remember now of hearing that you had married a man named Gropp; but I could not find where you had moved. I was negligent—very. But say, do you know me?"

"It ain't George Munson!" gasped Heppy, starting from her chair, and trembling like an aspen.

"Look at the purse! Didn't you see that name?" And as the old man spoke he showed her a name worked in golden thread, but which she had not detected. But she read it now—George Munson.

Then she looked into the time-worn face, and gradually the features of one she had loved in years long ago were revealed to her. It was her brother—her own dear brother George.

Presently Jareb Gropp saw his wife in the old man's arms, and with one bound he reached the middle of the floor.

"There," he cried, "now see! Supposin' I'd taken that gold? If I had, we'd never have known George Munson. I tell you there's always a sunbeam sure to fall upon a good action. It'll come some time, ye may depend. George, howd'e do? Ain't I glad now that we didn't touch your gold. How could I ever have looked my delight's brother in the face after it? How d'e do—How d'e do?"

This last half of his speech had been made with the old man's hand in his

grasp; for even then the thought had not worked itself into Jareb's honest mind that any pecuniary good was to grow out of this.

But it was indeed Heppy's own brother; and one of the chief objects he had in view when he first set out on his travels was to find his sister, if possible. He had forgotten her husband's name, having heard it but once in India, and then only casually, in conversation with a man who had just come out. The old man was rich; and now that he had found the only living relation he had on earth, he resolved to settle down with her.

A large house on a beautiful eminence, the wealthy owner of which had died, was for sale, and Uncle George bought it: and thither he took his sister's family: and in after times there were some great doings in that great house.

DON'T BE HASTY.

1. BECAUSE you will be likely to treat quite lightly two very good friends of yours, Reason and Conscience, who will not have a chance to speak.

2. Because you will have to travel over the same ground in company with one Sober Second Thought, who will be more likely to have with him a whip of scorpions than a bunch of flowers.

3. Because the words or actions involved in it are more likely than otherwise to be misunderstood, and therefore to be severely judged.

4. Because this is one way to please and give great advantage to a great enemy of yours, one powerful enough to be called "the Prince of the World," and who has caught more people than can be counted, in this very trap.

5. Because in so doing you are likely to be a fellow-traveller in such company as follows: "He that is hasty with his feet sinneth." "He that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly." "Seest thou a man hasty in words? there is more hope of a fool than of him." "The thoughts of every one that is hasty tend only to want."

6. Because such a fire may be kindled that it cannot be put out, even by all the water a whole engine may throw, with Second Thought for captain.

DIVINE COUNSEL.

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord."—*Zechariah* iv. 6.

THE race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, is a truth that finds its exemplification frequently in the common affairs of life. There are a thousand contingencies that baffle all human calculations, and set at nought all human wisdom and strength. Our present condition, at its best, is one of much error and frailty. The unseen are often more numerous than the seen, and more powerful too. It would lessen our vanity if we all had a perfect insight of our own weakness, poverty, and ignorance. Yes, it would be a complete antidote to self-confidence, if we could perceive how little we know of this great world, of which we form so very small a part. Every faculty and power we possess is relative; every thing we see bears a small relation, in its power and greatness, to the immense all-powerful unseen. The little we do know is as nothing compared with that of which we are perfectly ignorant, and less than nothing weighed against the knowledge of that Great Spirit in whom we live, and move, and have our being.

The most prudent of us need, at times, these words of CAUTION—we will call them—which are so beautifully set forth in the divine counsel: "*Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord.*" For we are ever in danger of losing ourselves in the mere imaginings of success from our own power and wisdom. How the spirit of man towers aloft, at times, so vainly, and wings its flight in boastful, short-lived glory! But we may add, the disappointments are almost as common, when all our estimates of things have been fairly taken and wrought out from a moderate basis. We have seen all our well-told calculations of triumphant success thrown completely to the winds: things *done* that were demonstrated could not be done, and things *not done* that were proved, beyond disputation, could be done.

If human experience teaches mankind anything, it teaches this, that we ought to pursue our course with humility, however certain the object we seek to obtain

is justifiable. We ought not too fondly to rest on our calculations of success. How each of us could tell our tale of some pursuit of which we started, full of hope and certain of success. We could have given a proof at the outset; it was the easiest possible thing to be triumphant, for all the machinery of power and friends crowded around us to give success. We could go further, and show how we triumphed over all our difficulties, and the victory, we soon found, was worse than a defeat. There are many contingencies in human affairs—enough to keep us humble under all circumstances. Human experience, with all its grand achievements, with its various proud conquests, its material power, its whole history in view, speaks to us as well as the words of divine counsel—"Glory not in human wisdom and might."

Many things of high and powerful earthly origin could be shown to have insensibly withered away from the face of the earth; and things of lowly origin, so unexpected from their birth, conveyed up to the magnificence of a world's institution and admiration. The greatest things that have been done seem to have had the lowliest birth. If all the world's great men had sat in council, guided by all the wisdom of philosophy, and supported by all the secular influence of great and powerful empires, they could not have swayed the destiny of nations, given law, moral life, trade, and national power, compared with the efforts of some humble man, *when he spoke*—some lowly one, what he did. There are agencies in human history—and they are the most powerful—that originated in neither human power, device, nor policy. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord."

A small nation—a despised people—we have seen keep their ground, perpetuate their name, survive, crowned with new honours, and become more powerful through the very agency of a force that raised itself aloft to bury their liberties for ever. We could draw innumerable illustrations from history, that, according to all human probability, a people's liberties were sure to be sacrificed.

Human calculations, the more we

study them, and especially where they have been most trusted to, there have mankind been most humbled. We have only power to measure the palpable proportions of matter: it is a limited degree of scientific skill we possess; that which can be numbered, heard, seen, and felt.

THERE IS AN UNSEEN POWER OUTSIDE HUMAN OBSERVATION, and we know not how powerful. We have no symbol that we can put down for that unknown quantity. We do greatly err, if, because of this, we ignore the fact. There is more of the unseen than is imagined, and it is more powerful than we at first believed. This is found so in that section of the divine economy we call the works of nature. It is true in all the sections of the divine economy; in all the phases of human society, of moral government, and life. The things we see, generally speaking, are confined, limited, temporal; but that spirit which surrounds us, in whose presence we live, is unconfined, unseen, hedged in by no human frailty, unlimited in power, and eternal.

The truest and highest form of religious life; the full, free development of the religious spirit and character, depends upon that daily and everywhere consciousness of this fact—that in God we live, and move, and have our being. That spark of the divine life, given to each one of us, is like a beam of the sun cut off from its fountain source, without this consciousness. This is the divinity we are allowed to enjoy, "which stirs within us;" and how much it is to enjoy it. "Thou Father in me, and I in thee." The works that we do, the words we speak, and all our musing, are then divine. The power, and wisdom, and grandeur with which we are encompassed in all the material magnificence of creation, are very grand; but the spirit of Jehovah of Hosts—the presence and influence of Him—like a companionship in life, is the water of life that cools the fevered tongue—is an ocean of life that ever refreshes our spirits. We live in the midst of divine power, love, life. There is a measure of God's spirit given to each of us; it is our life, our true wisdom, and religious feeling. We thus live conscious of the infinity of power and love that surrounds us. Never therefore attempt to gauge, measure, or span

that ocean. It is infinite and unfathomable. The recognition of this fact is the life of our life, and the strength of our faith. All human might, power, and wisdom are thus assigned their proper province; and the spirit of God is all in all.

With us, finite and imperfect beings, all our power is mixed with human weakness. It is well for us never to speak or act as if we were infallibly certain or incontrovertibly right. Our strength is often weakness, our knowledge imperfection; and thus our wisdom, at times, proves to be folly and vanity. Imperfection runs through our best thoughts, and inaccuracy often through our most careful calculations. We ought to be humble of all human might, for the aggregate of human wisdom and power have the drawbacks of one man. With God all is divine perfection. All his ways and works, just as he intended. His perfect wisdom is seen in the construction of the meanest insect as the noblest man, "in a hair as a heart;" and he is mighty in an atom of matter as a world, in a drop of water he has latent forces, with which he can save or destroy, as in the legions of armed men. Nowhere—in nothing—is God's power limited; all the might of destruction, or the magnificence of salvation, can be developed through the obscurest human agency he pleases to take. The converse of this is true of man: nowhere may he be successful; in the armies of millions of men all his grand designs may be thwarted; the angel of death, in a thousand different forms, may be brought upon him by his ignorance or presumption in a moment; the blast may sweep o'er all his boasted might in a night, and it may be nowhere on the morrow.

You have read the vision of Belshazzar. There is more instruction in that dream than a prefigurement of a succession of kingdoms and empires, as interpreted by Daniel. What a grand and imposing sight must have been that spectacle in all the vividness of dreaming. A great image, whose brightness was excellent, stood before him; and the form was terrible, with a head of fine gold, and breast and arms of silver; belly and thighs of brass; legs of iron;

and the feet part iron and part clay. Babylonish, Medo-Persian, Greek, and Roman empires, may all have been intended. "And, lo! a single stone cut out of a mountain without hands"—no master slinger's powerful arm, no glistening armour—wafted on by the breeze—the current of events—and this little stone destroyed this great and glorious image that stood in human form, broke it to pieces, ground it as chaff before the summer threshing floor, and blew it to the four corners of the heavens, out of sight; and the small stone became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth. This is supposed to mean that the Christian dispensation, in its lowly origin, without worldly expediency, or glittering display and policy, will triumph over, break in pieces all the false power and policy of nations, and scatter them; and fill the earth with its principles and true life.

Individually may we not all learn something apart from the gigantic proportion of the interpretation of this vision? There have been many glorious human figures enshrined in our hearts. A human figure, beautiful in all its golden and silvery parts, how it glistened, and pleased, and appeared majestic, in its fancied strength of *iron and brass*! It was as transient as a dream; it rested upon feet of clay; and some little stone, some unseen antagonism, something scarcely worthy of being despised—not large enough to excite any alarm—yet it was this little thing we never took into account that came against our golden vision, baffled all our calculation, and dashed the fair image, of which we were so proud, to pieces at our feet. The great God makes known to us, in many a page of the divine book, and in many an occurrence of human life, that there is an overruling providence, mightier than human power, and wiser than our wisdom. It is well for us when we come to the conclusion of another Babylonish king, by the teaching of those lessons and the force of circumstances; "And bless the Most High, and praise and honour Him that liveth for ever and ever, whose dominion is an everlasting dominion, and whose kingdom is from generation to generation; and that all the strength and wisdom of the inhabi-

tants of the earth are reputed as nothing, and that he doeth according to his will, and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, '*What doest thou?*'" It is not for man to presume on the certainty of results, which a higher condition of experience would so plainly show him are contingent, and depend on causes never brought into his account.

We are not to be understood as despising human effort, or daunting human courage. Insufficient as may be our power, it is to be engaged. The divine plans are only wrought out by human instrumentalities. Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but God gives the increase. It may be given, it may be withheld. Let us understand this; it will save us from vain boasting, and presuming on our own power or wisdom for success. It is the noblest form of life which pursues its course in meekness and faith, in incessant labour, joined to trustfulness and humility of spirit; takes it stand on present duty, and throws the arch of its hopes, and exertions, in faith into the future, leaving to-day and its results, to-morrow and its reward, this life and its work, in the hands of an all-wise God; seeking always to know the divine will, and feeling never to have fully apprehended the whole of it; sinking into the mind of God; ever realizing a dependence on him; feeling a need of his strength and wisdom. "What is man?" said the Psalmist, in view of the heavens. "What is man," we ask, in view of the perfection of God?

We have now viewed one aspect of the subject, a caution against vain boasting and human presumption, which we may summarise in the words of Phocylides:

*"If wisdom, strength, or riches, be thy lot,
Boast not, but rather think, thou hast them not.
One God alone, from whom all gifts proceed,
Is wise, is mighty, and is rich indeed."*

To be continued.

THE UNITARIAN HAND-BOOK.

A FEW copies of the Hand-Book are on hand for sale (*bound copies only*), and may be had at One Shilling per copy, *post-free*; or six copies for Five Shillings, *post-free*. Payments may be made in Postage Stamps. Address, R. SPEARS, 39, Stamford Street, London.

AN OLD LEGEND.

Lo! a monk in rapt devotion
 Knelt within his lowly cell,
 While a sunbeam on his forehead
 Like a glory slanting fell.
 But he heeded not the sun-light,
 Heeded neither place nor time,
 For the wings of pray'r had grazed him
 To unearthly heights sublime.

All at once a radiant vision
 Broke upon his startled view,
 And the monk's bowed knees bent lower
 As his Saviour's form he knew.
 Half in fear, and half in rapture,
 On that form of light he gazed,
 And he saw its hand above him
 High in benediction raised.

Then as lies a mountain daisy,
 Bathed in many-coloured dew,
 With its petals wide expanded,
 'Neath the sky's o'er-arching blue,—
 So the holy monk lay passive
 Bathing in a heavenly light,
 Willing to prolong the moment
 E'en to ages of delight.

Hark! what sound is that which brings
 him

Back from heav'n to earth again,
 All reluctant, as a sleeper
 Wakens to some thought of pain?
 'Tis a bell's rude tongue announcing
 That the poor expectant wait,
 Till he bear their daily pittance
 Duly to the convent gate.

In devotion fain he'd linger,
 Yet he will not—may not stay—
 Duty calls him, and he rises,
 Loth to tear himself away.
 When the widow he has gladdened,
 When the last poor claimant fed,
 Back unto his cell he hurries,
 With an eager, anxious tread.

Sure, the vision has departed?
 No, it beams upon him still;
 Beams with yet a brighter radiance,
 Making all his heart's strings thrill.
 And these words come wafted to him,
 Borne he knows not whence or how—
 "If thou hadst not gone—my presence
 Would not, monk, have blessed thee
 now."

London.

B. A. J.

THE JUDGMENT DAY.

"It shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for that city."—*Matt. v. 15.*

"It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon in the day of judgment than for you."—*Matt. xi. 22.*

"It shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment than for thee."—*Matt. xi. 22.*

MANY erroneous ideas obtain in the Christian world in regard to the day of judgment referred to in these passages. It has been long taught that there will be a day of general judgment in the future immortal world, when all men will receive their final sentence from the Almighty, and some will be acquitted and pronounced worthy of everlasting bliss, and others will be condemned to regions of despair, where they will suffer as long as the pillars of God's throne shall stand. But the Scriptures, we are happy to say, furnish no evidence in support of such a sentiment. The Bible speaks of a judgment, but not in eternity. We nowhere read in the Scriptures that God will judge man in the immortal resurrection world, but that he judges man in the earth. We never read of mankind going into the future world to be judged, but that God and Christ come to this world to judge man. *Ps. xvi. 13.* "Verily he is a God that judgeth in the earth."—*Ps. lviii. 11.* Again, "He shall not fail nor be discouraged till He have set judgment in the earth."—*Isa. xlii. 4.* "For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son."—*John ix. 39.* Jesus came to establish his kingdom of truth and righteousness in the earth; and more than eighteen hundred years ago it was said, "*Now is the judgment of this world.*"—*John xii. 31.* "Fear God and give glory to him, for the hour of his judgment is come."

Now, in all these passages not the least hint is given that God judges man in eternity. In what sense, then, shall we understand the language, "It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon in the day of judgment than for thee?" It means simply that the divine judgments which came upon Tyre and Sidon, Sodom and Gomorrah, severe as they

were, were more tolerable or less severe than the judgments which came upon the Jewish people after they had filled up the measure of their iniquity. In this way, Jesus sought to impress upon the people a sense of their guilt, and indicated the severity of the divine judgments about to come upon the rebellious house of Israel. The judgments which came upon Tyre and Sidon, Sodom and Gomorrah, were more tolerable than those which came upon Jerusalem. Greater calamity came upon the Jewish people for their sins, than came upon Tyre and Sidon. Hence we read as follows, in Lam. iv. 6: "For the punishment of the iniquity of the daughter of my people is *greater* than the punishment of the sin of Sodom, that was overthrown in a moment, and no hand stayed her." Here a comparison is instituted between the punishments of Sodom and Jerusalem; the punishment of the Jewish people was greater, the calamity which came upon Tyre and Sidon was more tolerable or less severe.

This has regard to national judgments and temporal ruin. It cannot refer to endless punishment, as human creeds teach, for no punishment could be greater than that. If Tyre and Sidon, Sodom and Gomorrah suffered endlessly, then the punishment of the daughter of my people could not be greater. But no reference was made to endless punishment. When Jerusalem was destroyed, there was a time of trouble such as had never been before nor ever should be again. Matt. xxiv. 21. All other judgments, compared with this, were less severe, or more tolerable.

We are able to confirm and sustain this interpretation by learned orthodox commentators.

HAMMOND.—"I assure you, the punishment or destruction that will light upon that city will be such that the destruction of Sodom shall appear to have been more tolerable than that. See note on Matt. iii. 2."—*Par. in. loc.*

Again, he says, "Shall be more tolerable for Sodom in that day, *i. e.*, not in the day of judgment to come, for that belongs to each particular person, not whole cities together, but in that day of the kingdom of God, than for that refractory city. God's dealing with Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of their destruction

with fire and brimstone, shall be acknowledged to have been more supportable than his dealing with such contumacious, impenitent cities of Judea."—*Com. on Matt. iii. 2.*

PEARCE.—"That is, in the day of the destruction of the Jewish state, called the coming of the Son of Man, verse 23. The sense of this verse seems to be this: That which formerly befell Sodom and Gomorrah was more tolerable than what shall befall this city. That the day of judgment here mentioned is to be thus understood, appears from what is said concerning Capernaum, in ch. xi. 23, compared with verses 22—24 of the same chapter."—*Com. in loc.*

WAKEFIELD.—"In a day of vengeance, punishment, or trial. This is undoubtedly the genuine sense of the phrase, which has not the least reference to the day of general judgment. All that our Saviour intends to say is, that when the temporal calamities of that place come upon it, they will be more severe than even those of Sodom and Gomorrah. See this phrase employed in precisely the same meaning by the LXX. in Prov. vi. 34, where, instead of *krioseos*, Aquila and Theodosios have *ekdikeseos*; Isa. xxxiv. 8, and my *Commentary* on this place. Our Saviour, I apprehend, had Jerusalem principally in view in this declaration."—*Note in loc.*

CLARKE.—"In the day of judgment or punishment. Perhaps not meaning the day of general judgment, nor the day of the destruction of the Jewish state by the Romans; but a day in which God should send punishment on that particular city, or on that person, for their crimes; so the day of judgment of Sodom and Gomorrah was the time in which the Lord destroyed them by fire and brimstone, from the Lord out of heaven."—*Com. in loc.*

WETSTEIN.—"Whoever shall witness the calamities which the contumacious Jews shall endure on account of their rejection of the Gospel, shall judge them to have suffered more severely than the inhabitants of Sodom; and the punishments of the latter have been more mild when compared with these."—*Com. in loc.*

Thus, we see that the views we have advanced are not only sustained by the

Scriptures, but are ably supported by these learned orthodox commentators. In opposition to their own sectarian prejudices, they give the same interpretation to the texts we are now examining that Universalists do. The passages under consideration had no reference to the immortal state of existence.—*New Covenant.*

THE PEARLY GATES AJAR.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

I GAZED down Life's dark labyrinth,
A wildering maze to see,
Crossed o'er by many a tangled clue,
And wild as wild could be:
And as we gazed in doubt and dread,
An angel came to me.
I knew him for a heavenly guide,
I knew him even then,
Though meekly as a child he stood
Among the sons of men—
By his deep spirit loveliness,
I knew him even then.
And as I leaned my weary head
Upon his proffered breast,
And scanned the peril-haunted wild
From out my place of rest,
I wondered if the shining ones
Of Eden were more blest.
For there was light within my soul,
Light on my peaceful way;
And all around the blue above
The clustering starlight lay,
And easterly I saw upreared
The pearly gates of day.
So hand in hand we trod the wild,
My angel love and I—
His lifted wing all quivering
With tokens from the sky—
Strange my dull thought could not divine
'Twas lifted but to fly!
Again down life's dark labyrinth
I grope my way alone,
While wildly through the midnight sky
Black hurrying clouds are blown,
And thickly in my tangled path
The sharp, thick thorns are sown.
Yet firm my foot, for well I know
The goal cannot be far,
And ever through the rifted clouds
Shines out one steady star—
Far when my guide went up, *he left*
The pearly gates ajar!

WHY WAS MURDIE HAPPY?

"Th' bell's a-ringin', Murdie," said the mother. And the boy swallowed the remaining coffee in his cup, and hurried, whistling merrily, to the shop over by the river.

"That boy's happy," thought the widowed mother, as she busied herself with her daily duties.

The morning was a frosty one; and Murdie's cheeks were rosy, when he opened the shop-door. The water-gate had not yet been hoisted. The room was cold and damp. The frost vapours curled up through the cracks in the floor; and it was so still, you could hear the water dripping from the flume beneath, as if impatient to spend its force on the ponderous wooden mill-wheel. The bell was tolling slowly; hand after hand comes in, and now they are all there—the workers in iron, steel, and brass. The gate trembles; the waters surge, and the machinery moves. Overhead, and through the length of the dingy room, extended the long, glittering shaft, with its many wheels of various sizes. Now the wheel moves with a quicker, stronger power; the machinery revolves more rapidly; the buzzing of the lathes, the clicking of the planers, the whirring sound of the bands as they flew around the pulleys, makes the room cheerful with a monotonous, yet not dull kind of music.

I was spending the winter in the village. My window looked down upon the shop and river, and I loved to lay my book aside and watch the river as it dashed on in a gray flood by the village; I loved to watch, through the shop's smoky windows, the pale, weary workmen, but most of all Murdie, the young blacksmith. As time wore away, I learned to love the shop, and its buzzing music, enlivened by the ringing of the youthful blacksmith's hammer. Seldom have I stepped within this shop; still less have I become acquainted with the men and boys who toil there, save the boy Murdie. Not that he seemed more intelligent than the others, but he always smiled when he saw me. The other hands seldom noticed strangers; but with eyes intent upon their lathes,

they worked on silently, stoically, as though their minds were absorbed, and wholly with the revolving shafts and metals which were being turned. Murdie was as industrious as the rest, yet he worked with a cheerfulness which was inspiring. Every thought of his made his heart as bright as the scintillating scales of iron which shot out from under his hammer.

Often, on returning from the village at evening, I would meet him as he walked wearily homeward. He was always whistling or humming some cheerful song. Methought this is a good philosophy which ever keeps one happy. I made bold to speak.

"Murdie, you seem tired," I said, and stopped, as if to talk.

"Yes," he replied, "an' its gude to be tired—an' more so, too, if th' 'eart is happy. 'Tis a cold night. I canna' stop now. Y' said y'd come and see me."

"Yes, I will," I said; and we parted.

The evenings were getting to be longer, and on one of these I was seated in the pleasant little home of Murdie and his mother.

Through the long hours he talked. He told me of a kind father, who was shipwrecked on the seas; of adversity, and trials, and sickness. He showed me his books, and spoke of the better hopes he had. It was late. "The happy days weel come again," he said, "ef th' 'eart is busy, an' earns b' sweat o' brow the bread."

"Yes, keep a strong heart, Murdie; you know *who* gives us every blessing. He will not forsake you."

It was a pleasure seldom experienced, to gaze upon the open, sunshiny face, and sinewy hands of my new-found friend; and in my heart I prophesied well of the boy. One cannot help doing so. A noble heart, coupled with hard hands and steady toiling, are indexes; they point to the almost certain achievement of something noble in the future.

A dozen years have passed away, and once more I am in my native village. The little white cottage over by the river is Murdie's still; he still toils at the anvil, and has kept it as bright as the smile with which he greets me.

"'Tis long, Jem," he said, "since you

were wi' us. Times are now as then; my heart is as happy now as then, though I've more to do."

Yes, Murdie *was* happy; and why? Was it because he owned the shop by the river? Was it because, by dint of labour and the blessing of God, he had accumulated wealth? Was it because he had established a day-school in the village, and built a neat little church on the village green?

Perhaps it was because he kept his heart jubilant with generous thoughts, and made his life-work to consist of *deeds* of love, as well as words of encouragement.

To this day Murdie hammers at the ringing anvil. His motto seems to be, "FAITH AND WORKS." A friend said of him, "It seems as though his heart grows softer as his hands grow hard." So is it always.

WILLA CARROLL.

AN EXTREME VIEW OF INSPIRATION.

PARTIES are at high words in Oxford, at present, about the inspiration of the Bible. Both classes of theologians, we fear, may say at present unwise things. We have not seen anything more indigestible than the following, on inspiration, from a sermon by the Rev. W. Burgeon, M.A., before the University. "The Bible, be persuaded, is the very utterance of the Eternal—as much God's word as if high heaven were open, and we heard God speaking to us with human voice. Every book of it is inspired alike, and inspired entirely. Inspiration is not a difference of degree, but of kind. The Bible, from the Alpha to the Omega of it, is filled to overflowing with the Holy Spirit of God. The books of it, and the sentences of it, and the words of it, and the syllables of it, aye, and the very letters of it." We have not heard anything, for some time, more calculated to bring ridicule upon inspiration altogether, than this unguarded and unfounded statement.

MAUD MULLER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

MAUD MULLER on a summer's day
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from the hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died and a vague unrest,
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple trees to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup.

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the hay, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles, bare and brown;

And listened while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, and a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of day.

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues;

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother proud of her rank and gold.

So closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune.

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain:
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow and childbirth pain
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot;

And she heard the little spring-brook fall,
Over the roadside through the wall;

In the shade of an apple tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein.

And gazing down with a timid grace,
She felt his pleased eye read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls,

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney log,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burdened life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED?

A SWEDENBORGIAN TRACT.

THIS is a question which in serious moments occurs to every one born in Christian society. *What shall I do to be saved?* On a true answer depends our eternal happiness, and a false answer, if followed, will lead to hell. And a false answer is given by nearly all the preachers in the churches and chapels of this land. This false answer is not given *designedly*, but it is none the less dangerous on that account.

These preachers tell us that if we would be saved we must have faith in the blood of Christ, cruelly shed by the Jews nearly two thousand years ago. That His death upon the cross was a penalty paid to appease the wrath of God (who is love itself!) for the sins of the whole world through all time. That this blood will wash away any wickedness we have committed or may commit, and that nothing else will. That without faith in this blood the best man must go to hell, and that with this faith, obtained even in the hour of death, the worst man is sure of salvation. That a good life contributes nothing to salvation, but is only a sign of this faith. At Liverpool a captain was lately hung for the murder of a poor sailor whom he had cruelly tortured to death. Before his death, this wretch became possessed of this faith, believed he was going straight to glory, and the gaol chaplain reported to the newspapers that "his death was everything that the death of a Christian ought to be."

Stripped of all pretence, this is the doctrine taught by nearly all the preachers in this land. And to propagate this delusion among working-men, they open Exeter Hall and Westminster Abbey, and multiply open air services. This is *their* way to heaven. Let us give thanks it is *not* the Lord's way!

In a matter of life and death, it is not for one to be nice and dainty about words. Be it then said boldly—this doctrine of Salvation by Faith alone is a Satanic doctrine; it is contradicted by the whole Word of God, and by every man's common sense; and instead of leading men to life and heaven, it draws them into carelessness, into death, and hell.

But let us prove what we say; and that we may do so, let us at once proceed to head quarters. Let us go to the Lord Jesus Christ, "in whom dwelleth the whole fulness of the Godhead bodily," and whose authority what man shall gainsay?

Jesus Christ came to save men *from* their sins, not *in* their sins; and He gave an exact answer to that great question, "*What shall I do to be saved?*"

A lawyer asked Him, "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" The Lord said unto him, "What is written in the law? How readest thou?" The lawyer said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself." Now, my friends, mark our Lord's answer; mark it well and never forget it, and know from it that

the doctrine of salvation by faith alone is untrue. The Lord said,

"*Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live.*"—Luke x. 25, 28.

Our blessed Lord on another occasion said, "*Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven; BUT HE THAT DOETH THE WILL OF MY FATHER WHICH IS IN HEAVEN.*"—Matt. vii. 21.

Not a word, you see, about believing in His blood, but solely about *doing* the will of God.

Again, He said,

"*If ye love me, keep my commandments. He that hath my commandments, and KEEPETH THEM, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him. If a man love me, HE WILL KEEP MY WORDS: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him. He that loveth me not, keepeth not my sayings.*"—John xiv. 15, 21—24.

You will be told by some preachers that you cannot keep the commandments. You may reply that you cannot believe that the All-wise and Merciful Lord Jesus ever requires of man more than he can perform. "*My yoke,*" he said, "*is easy, and my burden is light.*"

Again, He said to the young man who asked, "*What shall I do that I may have eternal life?*"

"*If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.*"—Matt. xix. 17.

Not a word about looking unto Him as a sacrifice for sin, but only about giving up sinning by keeping the commandments. To the woman taken in adultery, the Lord did not say, "Wait until I die, and my blood shall wash away your crime." No, but only this, "*Go and sin no more.*"—John viii. 11. And this is the Divine advice to all sinners, and any other is only a snare of the evil one.

In the Revelation the judgment is described thus: "*A book was opened which was the book of life, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, ACCORDING TO THEIR WORKS*" (xx. 12, 13); and, again, in the same book it is said by the Lord, "*Behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me, that I MAY GIVE TO EVERY ONE ACCORDING TO HIS WORKS*" (xxii. 12).

Observe here once more there is not a syllable about faith, but altogether about deeds, life, works. It is not what a man *believes*, but what he *is* and *does*, that is of importance in the Lord's sight.

Time would fail, and your patience, or I might quote passages from the whole Word of God which would prove as clearly as those cited, that salvation and life in heaven are only attainable by ceasing to sin and keeping the commandments.

Only in this way can a man save his soul. None have entered heaven, none will ever enter heaven, except by a life regenerated and purified by obedience to the commandments.

This regeneration of the soul is easy. It is not done by one great effort, but by many little ones. It is not done in a moment, but it is done in hours, days, years. A man is saved whenever

his chief desire is to do that which he knows to be just and right, and when he feels hurt and pained when he has carelessly given way to his selfishness, and is ready to redress any wrong he has done.

Whilst the love of God and man is the kingly love of the soul, yet it is a work of time to bring the selfish loves into order and subjection to it. They are continually rebelling, and now and then breaking into action. But with patience, with prayer, with the daily counsel and help of the Word of God, their thorough conquest is at last attained, the peace of heaven fills the soul, and at death the man awakes among the angels blessed for ever.

And to attain this salvation it is not necessary that a man go out of the world, or become a melancholy, unsocial being. Far from it: the reverse is the case. In doing the daily duty God has appointed us, in loving and helping our neighbours, in becoming gentle, affectionate, and truthful, consists salvation itself. For what is salvation? It is only deliverance from evil. And what is evil? It is only selfishness.

The difference between an angel and a devil is but the difference between a supreme love for others, and a supreme love of self. The angel loves others, and would serve others at the sacrifice of himself; a devil loves himself alone, cares for others only as they serve him, and for his own pleasure does not care what suffering he inflicts.

And to become an angel a man has only to subdue in himself self-love to neighbourly love.

This then is the way of life, this is the one way of salvation as taught by our Lord Jesus Christ. Turn then, my reader, a deaf ear to all wonders about salvation by faith *alone*, and to that heathenish fable about the sacrifice of Christ to appease the wrath of God!

Only think what a changed world this would become, if instead of preaching this barren doctrine of salvation by faith alone, this true gospel of Christ were taught. How men would be turned from their selfishness and wickedness were they assured that *self-love was hell itself*, and that the only way to happiness and heaven was a good and useful life here. That no death-bed terror could save, or change a heart hardened in selfishness. Well has it been said, "*This doctrine of Justification by faith alone, is the curse of Christendom.*"

It required a Luther to take the Bible from the Romish priests and give it to the people. It will require a greater than Luther to rescue the Bible from the vain traditions of Protestant preachers.

THE PRESS. DEATH AND FUTURITY.

ONE of the hopeful and healthy signs of the times, in the midst of gagged and shackled pulpits, is the free press of our country. However much we deplore the dark, cruel, and narrow character of much of the preaching of our land, we are glad it finds little favour in the broadsheets which are broadcast over our land every morning. Spurgeon may preach his wrathful, vindictive God to four thousand hearers, the

columns of our newspapers teach a higher and better gospel to their millions of readers every day. And what delights us most, the most widely diffused and popular papers of our land are the most liberal in their theological tone; they are the John the Baptist of our faith, heralding holier views of the divine government. It is well known that the *Daily Telegraph* is the most largely circulated paper in the world: the daily circulation borders on one hundred thousand copies; and all the articles on religion and theology are of the most liberal character. Let none of our readers fail to peruse twice over the following article, which appeared the day before the PRINCE CONSORT'S funeral, on "Death and Futurity," and mark the purely and strongly expressed view of the universalist, and rejoice with us that such a paper has the largest number of readers of any paper issued from the press.

"There is a word we hate to speak, a thought we dread to think, a thing at which we shudder. Our writers give it hard names, our painters sombre colours, and we reserve the saddest types and emblems to represent it. That word, and thought, and thing is *Death*; as natural as the fall of the ripened fruit, and as certain as the setting of the sun. Being so natural and so certain, what makes us shun it? When Goethe's biographer remarked to him that 'death was a terrible evil,' the quick perception of the man replied, '*Not so, for it is common.*' He spoke a splendid truth. Because it is the lot of all—because by that one gateway God has decreed that all that live shall pass to the eternal—we know and may proclaim that it is good. Over that gateway, common to every one of us, there is written for none the awful sentence of hopelessness. Pride may pass through it to be humbled; bigotry to learn God; avarice to be weaned to wealth of which it never dreamed; crime to be purified, and surely punished, though finally forgiven; and the poor in spirit to their reserved reward. But, because all must pass it, all may pass it hopefully; the Infinite Love has not pronounced one great sentence of terror upon every soul that it has made. Always, indeed, death must be repugnant to the instincts of our physical nature. We should not preserve our existences, and thus work out our allotted labours, if we saw the loveliness of the issue of that Valley of the Shadow, instead of its gloomy gorge. But upon this just physical fear false teachers have facked a shameful and a debasing moral terror. We hear them; we doubt them; we cannot reconcile the beneficence of this life with the eternal malediction that lies beyond it. We see the Christ gracious to the greatest sinners here; we receive the terrible doctrine that the unregenerate have no eventual place of pardon there. All the unequal circumstances of life, all our own inability to judge, are patent to us; yet we push aside the words of the Redeemer, to take those of his interpreters. It results that we live morally as the heathens before us lived. We dread death, as if we could shirk it by shunning it; we put aside the mention of a day which, because it must come, will most assuredly be welcome. The world is old enough to know what results of evil spring from regimes of ter-

ror. It no longer hangs its horse-stealers and its shoplifters to diminish the frequency of their crimes. It is aware that the execution of murderers can be but poorly defended as a deterrent. But the realm of mortality is still subjected to an Absolute Fear. If the sun of the sublime dawn which broke at Calvary could but once shine through the cloud in which we have wrapped ourselves, would these disgraces be? To what height might not the nation rise which should first grasp the full meaning of Christianity, and leave the life of fear for the life of love? With what assured calm would it not regard the calling away of its dearest and its highest, reposing on Him who gave and took, to give again, and yet more graciously than before? When, indeed, will Christianity be Christian, and believe that the fate of all is not the bliss of a few?"

RULES FOR INDIVIDUAL IMPROVEMENT.

- 1.—To rise early.
- 2.—To act upon system and a settled plan; pursuing every thing, particularly moral and literary knowledge, with regularity and perseverance.
- 3.—To employ time fully—particularly the smaller intervals.
- 4.—To keep the mind, as well as the body, constantly employed.
- 5.—To exclude idle, and habitually encourage correct, subjects of reflection.
- 6.—To master every improper and unchristian feeling.
- 7.—To check the excessive growth of every passion.
- 8.—To practise self-command; and, where necessary, exercise self-denial.
- 9.—Where most I now fail, *there* most to determine to excel.
- 10.—To be cautious in entering into engagements and forming connexions, but firm in keeping and maintaining them.
- 11.—To break through improper reserve, and encourage social intercourse with my friends in the church.
- 12.—To point out the errors of a brother with kindness, with humility, but with faithfulness.
- 13.—To be strictly economical; endeavouring, by every proper means, to make myself independent, in order to be useful.
- 14.—In improvement, or in business, not to be deterred by labour or difficulties.
- 15.—To act prudently; but with HONESTY, SINCERITY, and MANLY FIRMNESS.
- 16.—Keeping constantly in mind my profession as a Christian, to act from principle, and feel no false shame in avowing it.
- 17.—To study and understand the Scriptures, applying the principles therein contained.
- 18.—To encourage feelings of piety, and regularly practise private prayer.
- 19.—To practise regularly self-examination; comparing every night my conduct with the rules I have laid down, and marking down, with proper observations, any important occurrences of the day.

A DEPUTATION NONSUITED.

A CERTAIN divine was suspected of heresy. His brethren in the ministry thought proper to appoint a committee to wait upon him and catechise him. The committee called upon him at the appointed time; and after the usual salutations on such occasions, they commenced their interrogatories; and after several questions, by way of introduction to the main subject, they at length broached the all-important question. "Are you," said the chairman of the committee, "a believer in the holy and ever-blessed doctrine of the sacred trinity?" "Indeed, brethren," said the shrewd divine, "before I answer this question, either in the affirmative or negative, permit me to inquire what you mean by the doctrine of the sacred trinity? I suppose that the subject is important, and I never think it proper to play upon words; if you will explain yourselves, I will answer you."

"What we mean by the sacred doctrine of trinity, is the well-known doctrine of three persons in one God." "But permit me," said the divine, "further to inquire, what ideas you attach to the word *person*? You say, the well-known doctrine of three persons in one God; but you are aware that different classes of Christians understand the well-known phrase, *three persons in one God*, in very different senses. Explain yourselves, brethren, and I will endeavour to satisfy you on the subject." "Indeed, sir, you must understand that the doctrine of the sacred trinity is a profound mystery; it is a doctrine above human reason; it cannot be explained or fully understood." "Well, brethren, if you do not understand your own question, I do not see how you can reasonably expect that I should understand it; and I am not prepared to answer any question that I do not understand. Whenever you will put your question, in any form to convey intelligent ideas, I will answer it; and until this is done, I think that you would be unreasonable to press an answer. Perhaps I believe what you would call the doctrine of the sacred trinity, and perhaps I do not. This can never be determined till your ideas of the doctrine of the sacred trinity are explained."

The committee were thunderstruck; a long pause ensued. At length, the reverend divine added, "I believe firmly all that the Scriptures say respecting *God our heavenly Father, his Son Jesus Christ, our Lord, and the Holy Spirit*; but as it respects the ten thousand idle and foolish questions that have been invented in the schools, which neither the inventors nor any else ever understood, and which only serve to play the fool with the learned, and confound the ignorant, as a minister of Jesus Christ, I have nothing to do with them. It is my business to preach the gospel as recorded by the evangelists, illustrated in the acts of the apostles, and explained and enforced in their epistles; and provided that I and my people understand our Bible, and reduce it to practice, we think that it is quite sufficient for us, without any *additions or subtractions*." The conversation here ended, and the committee retired.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

The Great Question.

"What is religious truth?" inquires

An anxious man the world throughout:

"What I believe! what I believe!"

Eight hundred million voices shout.

The Title Pope.—The term Pope, Papa, which is, equivalent to Father, was at first given to the clergy in general; afterwards the bishops, assuming a spiritual jurisdiction, directed that the name of Pope should be limited to themselves; and at length, by order of Gregory VII., in the year 1073, it was appropriated to the Bishop of the See of Rome.

State Churchism.—The Church's union with the State, from the time of Constantine downward, has always been a kind of loss and gain affair. The secularities have always been out-balanced by the humiliations with which the Church had to put up. The following anecdote, from the "Golden Days," illustrates the matter very well. "Queen Elizabeth wrote to the Bishop of London, who had opposed her in some matter, assuring him with an oath, 'That if he did not comply with her wishes instantly, she would unfrock him.'"

Judgment Mongers.—They are at their work again. The death of Prince Albert is a judgment, says the Bishop of Oxford. A Baptist periodical tells of judgments which have fallen on some of the Essayists and their friends. The first publisher has had some trade reverses, one of the writers has had a serious loss, another of the writers is dead, another is being tried for heresy; and this Job's comforter calls trade reverses, family affliction and loss, death, and trial for heresy, judgments of God on these men. How does he regard the sufferings of the first apostles, and their serious trials and losses?

One Hundred Years Ago.—The following lines are from a poem, "The Day of Doom," very popular a century ago. These lines describe a tender and godly wife in heaven, with a heart as hard as the nether millstone.

"God's vengeance feeds the flame

With piles of wood and brimstone flood,

That none can quench the same.

"The godly wife conceives no grief,
Nor can she shed a tear,
For the sad fate of her dear mate
When she his doom doth hear."

On Training Children.—There are some wise people who make a boast of their superior way of training the young; that is, of not training them at all in theological ideas. Coleridge tells us he was in company with a person of this character, opposed to influencing the minds of children. After he was done, the poet addressed him thus: "Well, sir, it's certainly a capital plan—I always adopt it with my garden."

"With your garden?" observed the scrupulous latitudinarian; "why, it's full of weeds." "Yes—well," said Coleridge, "it has taken to growing weeds, but I didn't think it right to bias it to roses and strawberries."

Worthy of a Man.—He who is worthy of being called a man is unshaken in adversity, humble in prosperity, active and bold in danger; and if he be not learned, has at least a love for learning.

The Faith that Saves Us.—In the Highlands of Scotland there is a mountain gorge, twenty feet in width, and two hundred in depth. Its perpendicular walls are bare of vegetation, save in their crevices, in which grow numerous wild flowers of rare beauty. Desirous of obtaining specimens of these mountain beauties, some scientific tourists once offered a Highland boy a handsome gift if he would consent to be lowered down the cliff by a rope, and would gather a little basketful for them. The boy looked wistfully at the money, for his parents were poor; but when he gazed at the yawning chasm he shuddered, shrank back, and declined. But filial love was strong within him; and after another glance at the gift, and at the terrible fissure, his heart grew strong, his eyes flashed, and he said:

"I'll go, if my father will hold the rope."

And then, with unshrinking nerves, cheek unblanched, and heart firmly strong, he suffered his father to put the rope about him, lower him into the wild abyss, and suspend him there while he filled his basket with the coveted flowers. It was a daring deed, but his faith in his father's arm, and in the love of his father's heart, gave him courage and power to perform it. The boy's trust is a beautiful illustration of the faith which saves the soul, for as he put himself into his father's hands to be bound with the rope, and lowered down the gorge to pluck the coveted flowers, so you must put yourselves into God's hands. Your Father holds the rope.

Priestcraft in Norway.—"I remained in the house of the minister about two hours, almost the whole of which time he entertained me with a detail of his grievances, consisting of scanty remuneration, poor fees, and the disuse of funeral sermons, which he said were now scarcely ever required; and, without any expression of disapprobation, he related a stratagem devised by a brother minister, who held a cure on the west coast, by which he had succeeded in restoring, in some measure, the usage of funeral sermons—a service for which it seems the minister is generally well paid. This minister having got a number of crabs, and having contrived to fix small candles on their backs, put them one dark night into the churchyard, where they wandered about, crawling over the graves, and beneath the tombstones. He then called together a number of his superstitious parishioners, and pointing to the appalling spectacle, told them these were the souls of the dead, who could not rest in their graves until those services should be performed that had been neglected at the time of their burial."—*D. Conway.*

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